

EVOLUTION OF A MIND

A compilation of Works and Narratives

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This compilation of works by the author
is dedicated to:

The living memory of Zephra Huc —
and to all I have ever loved and
ever will love.

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PRELUDE

Sing my story short and sing it loud
and Clear
For all the mortal sinners whose
ears beggin' hear.
The story I will tell ye didst happen
long ago
In a land ye ne'er heard of; in
Ether Land, ye know.

Now as I tell the story — a taller
tale by far —
Ye listen most intently for thee
the characters are.
For life's long road is bespeckled
with sin and tempting things
And lest ye fall their victims. . .
do see if true this rings.

NARRATIVE

Any man's story is more interesting than he or anyone else would likely believe. Often it is only the writer who can cast light upon his experiences. But whether artist or artisan, those who diligently seek beauty in other things are best able to detect beauty in themselves. Those who find beauty within themselves are most likely to acknowledge beauty in others.

QUESTION OF STANDARDS

Standards would be used?
Surely not those standards of the grocery lady
Down the street.
She is on trial too.
Surely not those standards set forth in the Bible.
Then all mankind would be put in an Institution.
Truly there are people who fail to conform to
Standards set forth by our civilization; but
No matter what mental inabilities or parabilities
Possess a person, notice that he finds a way to
Express himself.
If we don't understand his attempted expressions. . .
Then we fail to measure up to his standards and it
Is us who have mental inabilities.

NARRATIVE

This total work, more or less, shows an evolution in one particular person's way of thinking. The evolution is not stretched out in chronological order so that, in the end, one might "see where his head's at." Instead it is arranged in moods. Thus, as the evolution in thought is not complete, it won't be easy to see "where he is," making it difficult for him to "not be there" in the future.

Through evolution, one may change the view-points of some of his old ways of thinking. He doesn't necessarily think the old ways are wrong, but simply feels that they are not totally right for him any longer. It can be dangerous for one to get too totally 'hung up' in a particular way of thinking; with no possibility of change.

VIEWPOINT

The opinion of a man is often the Termination of his reasoning.

TO COMMUNICATE

A man creates, in his mind, a thought-pattern-system with its motive initiators and goal rationalizations through his life of mental and spiritual growth. However, what a man finds to be true about himself or right for himself, may not be right or true for another.

A mental and spiritual framework of some kind is there for him to come to a realization, and this framework of experience and imagination may be different or lacking in another. After a realization, if one wishes to convey it in a form comprehensible to another, attempt to convey the conditioning data which led one to the revelation. Do this in such a way that he can analytically retrace the steps one took. If, after doing this, he doesn't agree and sees things differently, the fact does not invalidate the original revelation or you. It was true for you and until you change your mind, it will remain so.

NARRATIVE

Civilizations and groups within civilizations often try to instill solid and immovable regulations on thinking. Political and religious forces often employ this through punishment and education. Sometimes the two forces work together and eventually attain global restrictions on thought.

Today, the people I meet, to a large extent, are locked in patterns of thought passed down through generations. Some of these patterns may be good, some may be bad, but the over-all factor I fear is the limiting of thought itself. If one cannot be free to think and discuss new concepts, ideas, and ideals, then just another curtain is placed between ape man and his inherent, free spiritual state. As this happens and as man recedes deeper into the trenches of controlled thought,

his sanity departs. Total sanity can only prevail when one KNOWS he 'IS' a spirit, and has those freedoms and attributes inherent to him.

DEEP AND WIDE

The Universe is an expanse of nothingness so vast that
The end of it is its beginning — the beginning its end.
Its boundaries are boundless and its limits are only
The limits of men's minds.

But what of the minds of men.
Are not the minds of men as vast?
And aren't their limits identical?
Man's mind is its own limit.

NARRATIVE

Can it be that some people put too much emphasis on
the Game here on Earth? Maybe we should seek a better
showing for our spiritual nature and its pitfalls and
attributes. Earth is Finite.

THE SPIDER

What difference makes the spider in the scheme of life?
Is his importance as great as his repugnance? Why came
he with the mortal man and yet not instead? The web of
the Spider is beautiful to behold but its deathtrap
snares all who behold. The Traps of Men ensnare, too.
Let the dogs of the world trample through the spider's
webs and let them trample the Seed of Man. What memory
would the world have of the two? The spider's web would
fall prey to time and the temples of men would be the
temples of Dog's.

A HUMANOID THOUGHT

The Fates they have a choice
Of those they send to Earth.
And it's not without thinking
They send two folks to birth.
So when two people match
And find each other's Grace,
The Fates have made their Tribute
And Man has found his Place.

A SPECIAL SMILE

A Special Song has Mother's Day-
A Song with strains of mirth;
Strains sung by flowers blooming,
By offspring given birth.
A Special Love has Mother's Day-
And thanks whose ranks are filled
With those for ancestors and Mothers dear
From posterity which they build.
A Special "Salute" on Mother's Day
With wine that's sweet and feast
For all the Mothers o'er the world -
Of fish, of plant, of beast.
But most of all on Mother's Day
A smile I give to you
To show the love I've always had
And respect I now Renew.

FROM A VAGABOND'S JOURNAL

As a man walks along the tracks day in, day out, he begins to picture what infinity must be like. He sees before him, as far as he can see, two tracks that go on and on forever. He sees behind him two tracks that go on and on forever.

As a man walks along the tracks day in, day out, he begins to picture what infinity must be like. He walks in the middle of a track that goes on infinitely before and after him.

As a man walks along the tracks day in, day out, he begins to picture what Life must be like. Each man, in his life, walks along his own track. Each step he takes makes what is behind him further away and what is ahead of him closer to being behind.

I like the tracks because a man almost always knows what is ahead of him, he can easily recall what was behind him, and when what's ahead is behind, it doesn't make that much difference.

NARRATIVE

A people in a nation can be made to go only so far against their will before a backlash occurs and those in power are unseated. In a pure democracy this transition can come about easily and peacefully without revolution. However, in other forms of government at this time known, evolution is only difficultly possible. In fact, one particular philosophy says that change can ONLY come about through revolution. This should give one an idea of what kind of government it proposes.

Today there are no pure democracies. Pure democracy has become subjected to vested interests and fixed patterns of thought to a point where a very limited range of change is possible.

TO GO AND GROW

America will exist in its fundamental state only as long as she fosters idealists. The United States will improve only if her idealists are not suppressed.

NARRATIVE

Recently a "peacetime war" took place which brought fierce tensions and contentions throughout the United States. The war, though starting in a pure state of idealism, eventually lost that idealism and this was replaced by a "principle." That principle was "we mustn't lose face." The war had nothing whatever to do with the political or territorial bounds of the United States and it lost the respect of Her people. During this time, idealists were suppressed and even shot. We very barely escaped a social and political juggernaut.

A DEED WAS DONE

The deed is done and, heirs, the people wait
 Back home where hearths are warm;
Sons of the Future are returning
 Back from a world of Hate.

Raise the flag and strike a merry note
 For those who have been afar;
Deck the Halls with laurels and trophies
 For on posterity's back we Wrote.

Shield the babe's eyes from his father's woe
 And cover his young ears to slander;
As the ships sail from the Apocalypse
 Whose role in Fate we know.

Bid farewell to the sweet life and society
 Whose tenets have shown such flaws;
Sing praises to the gods of lust and vice
 That the only Sin may be propriety.

Burn the cities whose environs kill the Soul
 And lay the foundations for misery;
Take up the carving knife and arm against your neighbor
 That his head might roll.

Deal harshly with the conservative man
 And do not tolerate the liberal;
Steal from the rich whose manners you despise
 But give to the poor whose baseness you cannot stand.

Herd those who number but a few
 Into "protected" areas beyond your home;
Thus, to make the world free of prejudice,
 See now what you must do?

Do all you can to pave the Road
 For the dauntless approach of the End;
Hate, hate, and hate once more to grow
 And from shoulders of responsibility drop the Load.

When the Finale comes to seek you out
 Let apathy transform you into a Zombie;
Cry innocence and ignorance of Fate—
 That emptiness might hear your shouts.

Then remember the day not too long ago
 When you stood by the ocean's crest;
A deed was done and the Sons of the Future returned
 Back from a world of Hate.

CRYING MAN

The crying man sees what the laughing man fears.

MY NAME IS JIMMY

My name is Jimmy and, though I am blind, I can sense that somewhere in this world, there are setting suns and beautiful butterflies. Not being able to hear I can only think and dream the sounds of a cable car or the jolly chuckling of the Kookaburra. Not being able to talk I can only think and ponder and rest and live all the fanciful things that are mine forever, locked in my imagination. With my mind, though I cannot walk, I can defeat Bobby Olsen in a quarter, I can swim the English Channel, fight John Dempsey and scale Mount Everest. I can walk with Moses as he climbs the mountain to talk to GOD and, yes, maybe I can even talk to GOD.

In my mind I have legs and arms and a nose to sniff the honeysuckle. I have hair that grows over my eyes and ears until my imaginary mother forces me to get it cut. Imagining still deeper I can almost feel my heart beating; beating. I can almost feel it jump when my lover walks into the room and looks at me with beautiful, sensual eyes—.

My name is Jimmy and I'm not sad. In my world there is no violence only love and the sweet things of life. There is no competition only a Utopian Symmetry that is in tune with the Universe. In my world I'm not shackled to the limited bounds of mother nature but can fly, swim, climb, fall, die, live, shoot through space and time or sink to the bottom of the ocean and there visit ancient Atlantis. In my world there is no sensual response, only a response to warm and true brotherhood and an intellectual eagerness to know and feel into other's minds.

My name is Jimmy and I never move. I sit in my corner and live in a universe I own. Though my physical life is confined to a small room — a mere hollow in the endless circle of infinity, my mind has mastered infinity and I am king of all.

My name is Jimmy and, though I've been programmed by my creators for great thing's, all the little things of life that are life sit beside me and keep me company and forbid me to be lonely.

TO MEASURE

The Greatest Measure of a man's Cosmic Wealth....

Is to detect a Universe outside Himself.

SOLID PATTERNS

Surely the stars in heaven know what some others fail to learn. They twinkle in unison and yet their individuality is apparent. Each one breaks through the blackness of ether and displays its own unique brilliance. Yet, as each is different and unique, each has gravitational effect on the other forming a web of affection.

A STORY

"Ah, to be loved!"

"But that I could find a nook into which to crawl. By what right do they have to hold contempt for me? I know they hold such! It is plain in their eyes and blatant in their mannerism.

"Here I sit, distraught and alone. Why do not my friends comfort me as I comfort them? Why do not they cheer me up as I cheer them? I laugh at their jokes and cry when e'er I see tears.

"A mystery, this, and haunts my dreams. My sleep forgets to come. I lay awake to slumber search but only emptiness find. Why am I doomed to such dismay? Will not my friends scurry hence with alms and leaves of palm? Such comfort does elude me!

"Do not their unloving eyes see when I do all they ask? Can they not observe when I defend all they do and believe all they do? Do I not scourge and disbelieve their enemies? Surely justice will prevail and wet their eyes with blistering sympathy for me!

"I am always there and yet am never seen. I cling to them but they do not hold out their hands. It is truly the evil works of the Fates who have spun me into this trap! It is truly the Devil's ambassador who hides me from their hearts!

"I do wish to find a clue—an inkling or a scrap of evidence which might point me to an answer.

"Alas!

"My soul is saved and my sorrow can vanish away!
Look yonder to where my friends approach. Ah, yes.
Truly they have been informed by a wandering wren that
their dear comrade is lost to hope. I know by my heart
that rescue is near and I feel great joy. Do I not
deserve joy after giving so much and getting so little
in return? Should I not accept recompense for the
multitude of deeds I have done in which I had no interest?
Surely hypocrisy deserves the love of those that benefit
by it. Now it is shown that I am right.

"What trick is this?

"Obviously I am not seen, for the crowd has passed
and spoken not a word. A cruel blow has just been dealt
to a heart so sore with pain! I true was seen but none
did care to make my presence known.

"Come not the morning's shining sun. I fear to
see the light of some unknown error of which my destiny
has been forged. Such error in judgment, if seen,
would surely wrench my life from me and leave my vegetable
body to rot with the cow's dung. Alas! Why not my
life be gone? Already my soul I have given to the crowd
and with them it has departed. What rhyme or reason can
be mustered for me to stay and thus be hurt another day?"

"Why ponder so? Such foolish jest! Hear not, ye,
the fowl of the air? Smell not, ye, the fragrance of
spring in the breeze? Truly your silly prattle is quite
a distress to my sense of aesthetics. If you wish to
carry on so, please move your rotting body to a dung
heap. It will surely enjoy your company more than I!"

"From whence did such disconsolate voice come?
Must I be tormented by so many upbraidings at one time?
Make known yourself that I might smite you and once and
for all have recompense for such treatment!"

"You sit upon my head, you foolish man! Hit me all
you wish but thine knuckles and feet will feel the worst."

"Ah, silly grog! What rubbish am I to confront?
Am I to accept such ugly words to come from a granite
boulder? Be gone you prankish ghost who does haunt
my place of rest! Rather that a witch's spell does

cause me delusions would I than a boulder talk believe."

"Thine judgment seems far from accurate, my friend, in all that you consider. For shame of such stupid thoughts and shallow heart I would split in two! Do not bother me with blundering confoundment. Do but move and leave me to enjoy my state of bliss."

"Whoe'er speaks to me be not the coward you show yourself to be! Come, let me vindicate my anger and disillusionment. Speak not to me of aesthetics or the smell of a breeze. Speak not at all but put forth thine foot!"

Silence- - - - -birds sing and flutter overhead. Bees busily scurry to make honey and the brook talks to pebbles 'neath its ripples.

"Whoe'er comes from the dark of mind and speaks so foul to me, come forward! Fear not the blow of my right arm for you shall feel it but once!"

Silence- - - - -cows in the pasture watch in amusement as their calves romp through the grass. Mushrooms fall to ants who busily store the morsels.

"What fool am I to act this way! I say truly there is nobody here but me."

"That is true, oh miserable one. Thine clue is found and you fail to see. Even in the crowd you say you loved there was nobody there but you. What farce of friend you show to be in your malcontent manner! You do not seek friendship but a place to hide where others can bear you up. You do so that you will receive — and become down-trodden when others see through you. I say 'stop' you silly fish. Deny your ways and be a man! Steal back your soul from the crowd and be not so extravagant with its surrender. Instead, parcel out what the situation does dictate and monitor what takes place. For surely I say that there are those capable of true friendship but who need signs to know that the road is true. Show the signs and your paths will be parallel."

"Such wisdom from a rock seems far from credible!
Surely one must not expect a simple man like me to
follow such scholarly comment. One cannot follow what
he cannot understand. I fail to see the sense in allowing
my destiny to be guided by grog from a granite stone,
anyway. There must be a matter of principles!"

"Principles, fool, are barriers that blind those
that can see and deafen those that can hear. Look not
to the muddy water but to the blackness therein. It is
here where the mind's charity is befouled by principles.
Look beyond principles until you see the light of truth.
Where the truth is hidden my principles, the mud must
be strained from the water to allow clear view. When
the mud is gone and view clear, bottom can be seen and,
in all cases, bottom is truth."

"Oh, speak not to me of truth. My heart is weak
and mind slow. I fear the truth as I fear the Judgment.
What man can withstand the view of his past unveiled—
exposing his insanity and stupidity? If truth finds me
all will be lost. I will see the waste of my life and
will surely die!"

"You speak of death but know not what it is! You
live death and fear that to view it you will die. You
absurd creature! The dead need not fear death. Only if
you wish for life must you say 'The past is mine and
I accept it; the future is mine and I will build it.'
I say in honesty that until the day you know my words
you need not fear death. You are as a murderer who has
killed his best friend and hidden him in the cellar lest
he be discovered. You spend so much time worrying about
somebody discovering the corpse of your past that very
little attention is spared for the future. Heed my words!"

"I have killed no man and fear discovery of no
bodies. Why must you compound my problems? Better that
you let me be than make worse what I must now bear!"

"Some may say that you speak to a rock but I say this:
'It is I who speaks to a rock,' and my words bounce from
you like fists from my skin. What I wish to say is that
you cannot escape your troubles by fleeing within a crowd.
Instead of consolation you will find but many people who
have their own problems. Spite principles where they bar

your progress and learn from those who know. When you are sane, friends will be found and affinity can ensue where the mind once worried about 'dead' things."

"Harshness is in the words but wisdom is observed. My eyes are opened as a miracle and I know what I must do. Anger caused by words you spoke was truly anger at your attempt to make me see myself. All you say is true and I see the fool I have been."

"A man is a fool only when he fails to know what he does or the real reason why he does it. Those who say they know often are fools to themselves. You are less a fool and more a knowing man, now. Take what you learned today and be the better for it."

NARRATIVE

Love stands alone.

It needs no support and any support given it is degrading. In spite of this, there are those who would feel that to love one must show sympathy, or one must create, or one must destroy, or one must BE something. Once a limit is placed on love then one will tend not to accept it from others if it is expressed differently. Once a limit is imposed, even further restrictions are possible and probable.

Weird clichés about love pop up occasionally when one tries to justify evil deeds. Partially because of this the subject of love, when brought up, creates an immense variety of reactions. Many of these reactions have bad connotations. Man too often attempts to cover up his aberrated conduct through justifications of LOVE.

Very little love is actually in existence in these days. Yet, more love is now in existence than in previous yesterdays. A substantial reason for this may be the idealisms concerning love as expressed by various religions. When man loves he is made happy, and his need to give love is even greater than his need to receive it.

Love is not a moral and is not a necessity. It is a choice and as such is subject to any one person's interpretations. Yet love exists whether a man interprets or ignores it. It transcends limitations and, when one gets tired of old clichés and old interpretations, he can always find the real thing and start all over.

THE LAST

White mountains form the body's line
And buries it before its Death.

The silence within the chamber's bliss does not
Disturb the throbbing thoughts that Thunder deep
Within the Soul.

Was a life lived well and was it Long enough?
Or perhaps it was too long.
Perhaps one was too used to Living.

An insect flies noisily and has small respect
For the wrinkled old corpse below.
The rude fly shows Life to prospective Death.

A violent quake shakes the snowy mountains
And a hill falls; another one shifts.

A silent noise stumbles from a Yawning
Mouth and tired eyes dart, disoriented,
Around at creeping shadows.

"Where's the sandman? Haven't seen him
In a week. Guess he figures I'll get enough
Sleep soon enough...." (cat naps)

Existence died years ago when the Body was
Buried beneath the snowy mountain.
Existence succumbed but left the body Alive.

A picture stands on a desk propped up against
The wall. Who's this young man and woman
Standing beside a new Model T?

There was a day, so long ago, before the
Corpse found the snow, that a handsome man
And lovely girl found love together.

The Model T was a rented car and, though
They never did own a car, Their Love
Transcended the need.

Side by side he and she worked on farms
They would never own. Their children lived
Short lives ... many tears ago.

He and she lived many lives of Joy and
Fulfillment together even in the State
Home where they spent their
Last days.

Now a semi-sad body lays dreaming beneath a
Fresh snowfall. He barely sees the busty maid.
SHE had never been busty, but he hadn't cared.

What SHE had couldn't sag after many years.
What she had she still has even though the snow
Which covers her body is Cold.

Laying there under the warm snow he knows that
The Sandman will come tonight. Sleep will come
And pave the way for Departure.

A smile suddenly comes over his face and he
Thinks no more. He simply sits alone as the
Blinds are drawn and curtains closed.

Although now his eyes cannot see, in his mind
He still sees the Photograph, himself and his
Love, and waits to see her . . . again.

CRY IN THE WIND

Cry in the wind.

Note the echo — as unfeeling as it is —

Recalling in but a moment's memory

The sorrow you've known for years.

FROM A VAGABOND'S JOURNAL

One day, when I was younger, I was caught in a bad snowstorm while on the usual November trek south. I wasn't dressed for extreme weather and, when it hit, didn't happen to be near a warm house or comforting town. I soon left the tracks and found a clump of firs as my only protection.

Laying there — curled in a ball and shivering wildly — I attempted to still the frantic spasms by taking a warmer journey. This journey didn't need a body, only a past. As I thought of only happy times and pleasures, my body began to still and a strange warmth soothed my bones.

I suppose hours passed as I once again saw faces and places far behind in distance and years. When I did finally return from the voyage I found myself in a warm bed surrounded by concerned country folk. As I must have appeared puzzled, the doctor explained how I had been found by hunters and had been near death.

Funny thing, as I look back. Funny . . . what little effect his words had on me. Even now I still see the time as one of my most pleasurable experiences.

NARRATIVE

Not everybody is a writer. Not everybody expresses his or her ideas and emotions and spiritual insights the same way. Even as a writer, I have found that writing alone does not satisfy all my avenues of expression. Music, both played and listened to, help to expand and refresh my need for aesthetic creation.

As writing is a fairly common mode of expression, when reading what another has written, take it with a grain of salt. Writing is often quite opinionated and, rightfully so, it is usually the viewpoint of a particular person or group. This being the case, a reader should be wary not to take everything he reads as gospel or even appropriate in itself, however, one will seldom go wrong if he takes a writing into consideration with the idea of comparison, and possible compromise with his own particular philosophy and ideals. Doing this, one could maintain a relatively open mind and still not compromise values that he still feels are correct; or at least correct for him.

In today's society, people are very badly brain-washed concerning what and how to think. This can be done only when a people thinks in terms of absolutes — such as absolute right, absolute wrong, absolute good, absolute bad, etc. A people believing such might feel it necessary to put one of these labels on all aspects of thought, and will act, themselves, accordingly. Unfortunately, using these extremes as a mode of thought, many things become difficult or impossible. For an example of this look to labor and management disputes. Labor unions, who thrive on labor turmoil, insist the workers believe that all management is BAD. Management all wear black hats. Whereas the blue collar workers all wear white hats and cannot do anything wrong. Of course, management has its own ideas of who's right and wrong. They cannot both be totally right and they cannot both be totally wrong, but each would like to think so of the other. Settlements of labor disputes often become next to impossible because of this idiocy. The insanity displayed in Ireland lately is another good example of brainwashing people concerning absolutes. The situation there has gotten to the point where bars could be put around the entire country with signs reading "REPUBLIC OF IRELAND INSANE ASSYLUM."

Man, in his spiritual nature, knows there are no absolutes in the physical universe. Only when someone makes him think so can he be entrapped. Open minded people have been a threat to suppression from both political and religious tyrants throughout history. Their threat has been variety and non-fixation. Their mission —— to unlock the minds of those entrapped.

All people are subject of fixed ideas about absolutes if only through education. However, one does not have to succumb to this and can evolve his own way of thinking. One must evolve his own way of thinking, anyway, no matter what doctrines are forced upon him. One can be intimidated and succumb or be brave and assert. All must make the choice.

A simple policy of evaluation of values, ideas, and prejudices can get one headed in a good direction. To realize that old values are not necessarily the best, new values are not necessarily the worst, new values are not necessarily the best and old values are not necessarily the worst, can lead one to a position of actually making a CHOICE. This to allow for expanding concepts in values and ideas, and expanding hope for mankind.

GOOD/BAD COMPARABLE TO WHAT

What good is a twig to a drowning man?

What good is speech to a deaf mute?

What good is play to a sick child?

What good is competence to inefficiency?

What good is reason to illogic?

What good is wealth to a leper?

What good is water to a dead horse?

What good is the end to the beginning?

What good is knowledge to a closed mind?

What good is love to a dead Soul?

ALSO

"Deliver us from Evil" . . . corollary . . .

"Deliver Evil from Itself."

TO DO

Inspiration is that quantity which makes an End worth Starting.

FROM A VAGABOND'S JOURNAL

As I sat one eve beneath a pine
I saw a snowflake falling all alone.
The moon was bright and the air crisp
But not a cloud appeared in sight.

I pondered long upon the thought
Of that lonely flake and sat long into the night
Hoping to see another.
Finally, as the sun began to rise, I knew
There'd be no more.
I crawled from under the pine and gave it
No more thought.

As I sat one eve beneath a pine
I saw a snowflake falling all alone.
The moon was bright and the air crisp
But not a cloud appeared in sight.

I pondered long upon the thought but soon
It came to me that one night, so long ago,
I saw a snowflake fall the same.

Was it the same flake that fell before or another?
Had I seen one fall before or was it just a dream?

I searched around and found the flake nestled on a twig.
But as the sun began to rise it melted into mist.

NARRATIVE

Concepts, ideas, values, prejudices come from ether and to ether they return. It upsets man to think that this can happen. It upsets him to no end. He develops an idea and then (Poof! It's gone).

He has learned over the years that to combat this situation he must frantically try to get others to agree with him and keep the idea in motion. He does this or the idea might; well, you know!

The types of ideas which I'd like to speak of now are those which fall under the category of having evil intentions behind them or having initially good intention but outlasting their usefulness and eventually becoming a detriment. Ideas having evil intention behind them are pretty self explanatory. Their inspiration is selfishness and their end result is always a debacle of some kind. One might wonder, though, why an idea would be carried on longer than conditions would dictate to the point of being a detriment. This is easily explained if one thinks of ideas as being possessions — as much possessions as Cadillacs, Blue Chip Stocks, and defense missile systems. One devotes one's whole life to an idea and then he hates like the devil to see it glide off into oblivion. An idea might be totally wrong for present conditions but somehow, if one really wants the idea to continue, well, it MUST be right!

From the above two types of ideas flowers the vested interest. The vested interest gains, usually, only at the expense of others. Vested Interests have very SOLID ideas that are continually threatened, whether real or imagined, and, since the idea or group of ideas cannot survive under their own merit, they must be supported by conspiracy, suppression, and oppression. They are why there are wars. They are why there is so much poverty and also why some have such riches. They conspire against individuals, governments, organizations, and even other ideas, and NO type of government or rule is without them. The idea or ideas in the center of the vested interest molecule may not even be respected by many of its constituents. But, like a captain going down with his sinking ship, somehow it must be the right thing to do.

Actually, one survives much better by not joining

a vested interest. Eventually nearly all of them crumble into dust and the idea glides into oblivion anyway. When it happens, most of their constituents are unprepared to survive in a world now made chaotic. Too rigid thought suppression and too badly mutilated integrity are very heavy weights to a swimmer in the waters. Where does one go when his boat sinks and he has no knowledge whether all those big boats in his vicinity are friend or foe? How many of them has he tried to destroy?

If a person were simply to uphold his own integrity it would be next to impossible to get him into a vested interest. If one can stay the social, political, religious, and economical intimidations and lacerations of the vested interest groups, there are ideas which are supported on their own merit. These ideas need protection only from those vested interests who are threatened.

TAKE COURAGE

Courage gained is nothing lost.
Courage lost is nothing gained.

THE ONLY WAY

Happiness is the Right Thing.

FROM A VAGABOND'S JOURNAL

Of all creatures I find to comfort me, wild animals along my way comfort me the best. They aren't like those city folk who scorn me and needle me and try to make me change my ways. My wild animal friends respect my sovereignty. They have their lives to live — I have mine. Our only intervention into each other's lives is our companionship. Maybe if human folk were like that I'd have preferred their company.

COWARD

The coward's way of life is not a bad way of life. He knows when he is licked — sometimes even before it is proven — and, unlike the fool who pushes through 'till the end, he makes his tracks in the beach-like sands of his own mortality.

RIVER

The River is made up of the tears man has cried;
Tears of death and destruction
Due to Hate and Covetousness
Between peoples.

The River's waters evaporate when the
Sun comes out and there is peace.
As the Hate of the sun increases and the
Waters of the River evaporate,
They are stored in the
Clouds of Revenge.

It is not long before the Clouds of Revenge
Become too full and
A vent must be made of all the
Waters of Hate.

Lightning strikes the cause of the
Waters in the Clouds of Revenge
And soon the tears of the vanquished
Fill the River once again.

CHOIR OF STRANGERS

From across the nation
Came men of many Races.

Never knowing where the Fates would lead
They relinquished their Sovereignty.

Like rain from Misty Clouds
They came from the sky.

They left everything — their families
And some, their schools.

They left all but their talents,
And some could sing and were ambitious.

And we met one day
As strangers meet by Chance.

We were boys in blue
And were destined one day to sail the Seas.

But for a moment ... so short ...
We were One in Choral Arrangement.

FRIENDSHIP I

The cost of a man's friendship is the Eternity of his Soul.

FRIENDSHIP II

A FRIENDSHIP can be covered up
By the accumulated dusts of eroding Time.

When the Winds of Memory blow the dust flies and
ITS eternal, ethereal life ignites the Heart as Old.

FRIENDSHIP III

The man who haunts his
Own home

Is susceptible to the Spirit
Of family Love.

FROM A VAGABOND'S JOURNAL

I found a fawn beside the road one day as I walked along my life. It had hurt its leg while jumping a barbed wire fence. There wasn't much I could do for it besides pouring wine on the cut, but it seemed to appreciate my help. I wrapped the wound with a rag but soon it began to swell. I abandoned my travels and stayed behind for a few days with hopes to save him, but my new friend died anyway. I think being with him was the most I could have done.

NARRATIVE

Every child starts out with a cement truck filled with imagination. Sometimes he seems to throw physical universe apparentness into the batter and then gets a concoction $\frac{1}{2}$ truth and $\frac{1}{2}$ imagination. In actuality this isn't a bad thing. Imagination consists of a lot of spiritual play and a degree of the testing of ones mental abilities toward forming thought. As mentioned earlier, everybody has to form their own thought patterns or ways of thinking. Children do this too only they are not possessed of all the physical universe analytical data that most grown-ups are. They compensate for this, unblinkingly, by dubbing-in their own imaginary universes. As children learn, they gradually replace imaginary facts with real ones simply on the premise that they must do so to survive.

Too often I see grown-ups (not just parents) tending

to thwart a child's imagination — suppressing an ability unequalled throughout the spectrum of man's attributes. A child who has his imagination continually suppressed will likely covertly use imagination in the form of lies. Eventually he becomes a grown-up who may continue to use "little (giant)" lies in his everyday life. It is possible for a person to lie to a point where he no longer can easily conceive of the truth. These aren't children, these are elders. Children, actually, have an inherent feeling for truth. When they catch their elders doing too many bad things, in order to keep them on a pedestal, children will tend to lower their own standards.

CATHY

Cathy sat along the beach
Where she had sat before.

The times were rough for teenage kids;
They didn't know the score.

The generation gap, you see,
Had left its deep effect

Upon young Cathy's thinking
And on it she'd reflect.

Her mother drank too heavily,
Her father stayed out late.

She had a boyfriend Harry
She couldn't ever date.

Her mother read the Bible,
Her parents sang at church,

But outside they were thoughtless.
Their Souls they failed to search.

Now Cathy was at losses
For answers she knew not —

Like (why?) grown-ups she saw smoking

When against it she was taught.

Her ideals as a youngster
Were fading as the mist

In the sun of realization
That her world did not exist.

I feel that adolescents
On ascending through the years

Discard their own ideals
While donning grown-up's fears.

NARRATIVE

Often one may lose sight of his own ability to imagine. Inversely, one may lose himself in an imaginary world and never come out. Imagination, like love, can have its rich, true meaning tainted through misuse. Imagination itself is quite a necessary thing to possess. Its presence or absence can mean the difference between a culture surviving or rotting on the vine.

In "DEEP RIVER," which will follow, no pictures will be used — and a minimum of words. Maybe, as you read it, actual pictures and motion will occur to you. Aside from any other ulterior motives for the story, its stress toward imagination you may find a bit refreshing.

DEEP RIVER

DROWNING CRIES
LAZY DEATH
SILENT PEBLES
DREAMY SEAWEED
DISTANT SCREAMS
FINAL SIGHS
LIGHT HOPE SURRENDER DEATH

DEEP RIVER
SILENT PEBLES
LAZY DEATH
DROWNING CRIES
LAUGHING BROOKS
SWIRLING EDDIES
BLUE SKYS
BLUE WATER
BLUE DAY

SUN
CLOUDS
SHADOWS
REFLECTIONS
PICTURES-TREES
PICTURES-LAND
ON
BLUE WATER
PICTURE MIRROR
REFLECTING LIFE
DEPICTING DEATH
SHOWING SIGHTS OF SHALLOW MEANING
CREATING LIFE THAT NEVER LIVED.

DEEP RIVER
SILENT PEBLES
LAZY DEATH
FLOWING SMOOTHLY

RAPID CURRENTS
PULLING
TEARING
DESTROYING
DEVOURING
BUILDING
CREATING
DROWNING LIFE
LOVING LIFE
NEVER CARING.

SILENT PEBLES
DEEP MOVEMENT
INANIMATE THOUGHT
SILENT PONDER
TREES REFLECTED
SHINING SUN
BLUE SKY
BLUE DAY.
SILVER-BLACK CLOUDS
SILENT IMMINENCE
DISTANT DRUMS
LIGHT DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS.
RIPPLED REFLECTIONS
SPARKLING SUN DANCING ON WATER
SHIMMERING TREES
WAVING TREES
WINDY SUNLIGHT
WINDY LAND
RIPPLING REFLECTIONS
CALM RIVER
DEEP RIVER
DISTANT CRIES
LAZY DEATH
LIGHT HOPE SURRENDER DEATH.
FAR DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS.
SILENT PEBLES

DREAMY SEAWEED
AWAKENED SEAWEED
CLIMBING SEAWEED
MURMURING PEBLES
ROLLING PEBLES
DETERMINED FISH
MOVING FISH
MURMURING PEBLES
LAUGHING BROOKS
ROARING BROOKS
SINGING TREES
SINGING LAND
WHITE CROWNED WATERS
RAGING WATERS
SILENT TERROR
DISTANT CRIES
DISTANT DEATH
LAZY DEATH

SHADED SUN
BOISTEROUS WIND
HOWLING WIND
BOWING TREES
BOWING LAND.
BLACK SKY
BLACK WATER
BLACK DAY
BLACK DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS
LIGHT DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS
SHROUDING CLOUDS
VELVET RAIN
BLACK RAIN
SILENT RAIN
PATTERING RAIN
DRIVING RAIN.

BLACK REFLECTIONS
BLACK WATER
BLACK DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS
CRIES
LAZY DEATH
VIOLENT DEATH
SCREAMING PEBLES
RUNNING PEBLES
ROARING BROOKS
BLACK SKY
BLACK DAY
BLACK SUN
DEEP RIVER
BOUNDING RIVER
BOUNDING FLOODS
BLACK REFLECTIONS
BLACK RAIN
POUNING WAVES
FALLING TREES
FALLING LAND.
CRIES
VIOLENT DEATH
SULKING TREES
SULKING LAND
DEEP RIVER
BOUNDING RIVER
WIDE RIVER
FLOOD RIVER
BLACK WATER

BLACK TREES
RUNNING TREES
RUNNING LAND
RUNNING PEBLES
SCREAMING PEBLES

ROARING BROOKS
VIOLENT BROOKS
RIVER-BROOKS.
CRIES
VIOLENT DEATH
SURRENDER DEATH
BLACK WATERS
DESTRUCTIVE WATERS
DEATH WATERS
RIPPING WATERS
BLACK SKY
BLACK SUN
BLACK DRUMS
LIGHT DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS
DISTANT PEACE
DISTANCE SILENCE
DISTANT LIGHT
DISTANT LIFE.
BLACK SKIES
BLACK DAY
ROARING WATERS
SCREAMING PEBLES
RUNNING PEBLES
FALLING TREES
RUNNING TREES
RUNNING LAND
DISTANT SILENCE
DISTANT LIFE
DISTANT LIGHT
BLACK DRUMS
LIGHT DRUMS LIGHT DRUMS
CRIES
VIOLENT DEATH

DISTURBED WATERS
DISTURBED RIVER
DEEP RIVER
DEEP THOUGHT
INANIMATE THOUGHT
SURRENDER DEATH

SINGING TREES
FALLING TREES
VIOLENT WINDS
DISTANT PEACE
DISTANT LIGHT.
DRIVING RAIN
BEATING RAIN
PELTING RAIN
MISTY RAIN
BLACK RAIN
BLACK SUN
BLACK SKY
BLACK WIND
BLUSTERY WIND
TIRED WIND
RESTFUL WIND
SILENT RAIN
SILENT PEBLES
ROARING BROOKS
ROARING FLOODS
RIPPING FLOODS
VIOLENT RIVER
DEEP RIVER
BLACK RIVER
GRAY CLOUDS
RUNNING CLOUDS
MISTY SUN

DISTANT PEACE
DISTANT LIGHT
DISTANT LIFE.
GRAY SKY
GRAY WATERS
GRAY SUN
GRAY WIND
SILENT WIND
RESTFUL WIND
SILENT PEBLES
RIPPLED WATERS
GRAY WATERS
SILENT TREES
SILENT LAND
SILENT LIFE
MISTY SUN
BROKEN CLOUDS
GRAY CLOUDS

PEEPING SUN
YELLOW SUN
GLOWING SUN
PEACEFUL SUN
GENTLE WATERS
GRAY WATERS
SPARKLING WATERS
DISTANT LIFE
DISTANT LIGHT
DISTANT PEACE.
GRAY-BLUE WATERS
FLOODING WATERS
ROARING WATERS
SLEEPY WATERS
DEEP RIVER
LAZY RIVER

SILENT PEBLES
DREAMY SEAWEED
BROKEN TREES
BLACK TREES
FALLEN TREES
SILENT TREES
SILENT LAND
BLUE SKY
BLUE WATER
BLUE DAY
YELLOW SUN
PEACEFUL SUN
WARM SUN
SORROWFUL SUN.
DEEP RIVER
DEATH RIVER
SOBER RIVER
PLAYFUL WATERS
ROARING BROOKS
FLOODED BROOKS
BOUNDING BROOKS
BABBLING BROOKS

SILENT PEBLES
DREAMY SEAWEED
DISTANT CRIES
LAZY DEATH
DROWNING DEATH
DISTANT VIOLENCE.

BLUE SKY
BLUE WATERS
BLUE DAY
SPARKLING WATERS
DESPAIRING REFLECTIONS
RUINOUS REFLECTIONS

DEATH REFLECTIONS
DEAD TREES
DEAD WATERS
DEAD LAND
YELLOW SUN
BLUE DAY
SWIRLING EDDIES
DISTANT CRIES
DROWNING DEATH.
LIGHT HOPE SURRENDER DEATH
VIOLENT DEATH
LAZY DEATH
DEEP RIVER
SILENT PEBLES
YELLOW SUN
BLUE DAY
LAZY DAY
LIFE.

POST DICTUM

Thank you for doing me the great honor of reading these works. Maybe some concepts expressed here have interested you and maybe some will be useful. More importantly, though, maybe you have found aesthetics here and there. I am not an Authority and much of that expressed here has come about through my own explorations and experiences. Bon Fortune, and may your experiences in life be pleasant ones.

The Author

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